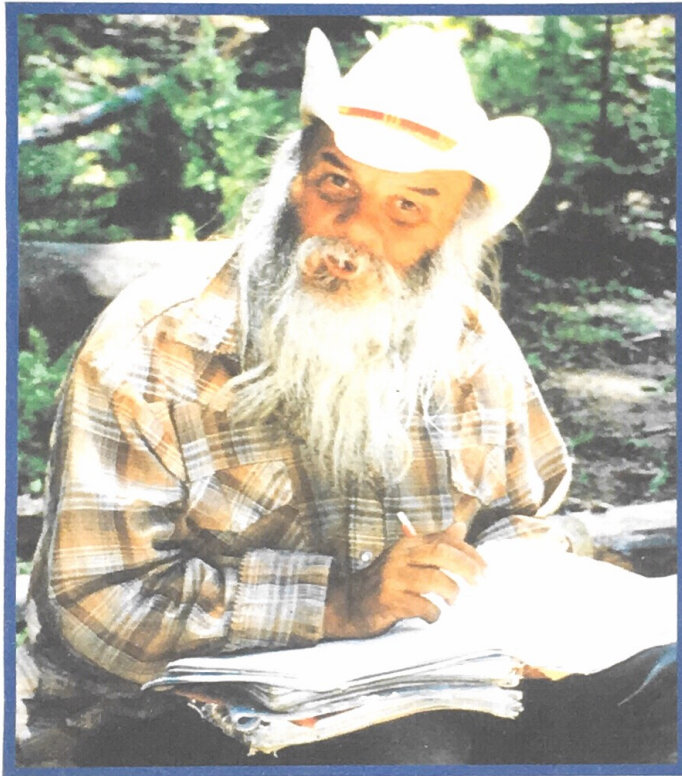




Rainbow Family Life Stories



by Jodey Bateman.
Interviews with Rainbow
Family of Living Light
folks conducted between
1977 and 2008.
Scanned in 2018.
Jodey Bateman may be
contacted on Facebook.

04.N

GARRICK - "To Build a Mass
Movement"

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21 pages

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David and Judy. It got real cold. We had to heat the house with a oven and the Rainbow People in Eugene had rented the WOW Hall [Woodmen of the World] to do a benefit for the AIM [American Indian Movement] Indians at Wounded Knee. We raised a truckload of food, blankets, cooking gear, and Karen and I headed eastward with no certain destination. We did, however, land in Rapid City, South Dakota and sought directions to the Pine Ridge Reservation where Wounded Knee was.

At a Rapid City restaurant, we met a brother, Michael, who had been involved in the WOW Hall fund-raiser, and a couple of Native American brothers. They all told us how welcome we would be. Their stories reminded me of the radical blacks in the late days of Civil Rights Movement, who told their good-hearted white supporters to leave them alone - putting it mildly. I asked about the truckload of supplies we had raised, and Michael explained that when they had gotten there, the AIM people told them that they didn't need the damn supplies. What they needed was the truck. So - they gave them the truck and the supplies too, of course.

Karen and I went east. We stayed at my grandmother's. Karen was writing fiction. I was apprenticing stained glass crafts. We visited Karen's brother at Super School in Toronto, and Kenny and Carol in upstate New York. My parents were living on St. Felix street in Brooklyn, where the theater company was working at the Brooklyn Academy. Time passed like in a dream.

We did some backyard gardening in the spring of '73, and then were invited by Lance and Jennifer to caretake their farm in Plainfield, Vermont. It seemed like the perfect opportunity - Lance had hand-built a beautiful house. They had a child, Vanessa, just Eden's age, and they were heading to Europe for the summer. Karen and I dropped utterly out of sight. It was just what we needed. Deer fencing, gardening, wood-chopping. That's where we were in the summer of '73. We knew there were plans for another gathering, and on the Fourth of July, '73, we silently held hands in mystic communion.

with whoever might be out there in wherever Wyoming.
 Lance and Jennifer come back after less than a week in Europe.
 "Museums! Hotels! Tourist baloney!" said Lance. OAS
 "I missed the trees," said Jennifer.

But we stayed there most of the summer with them, anyway.
 On a visit to New York, we had lunch at the Paradox Restaurant
 in the East Village and we overheard a conversation at the next
 table. Two couples were talking. One had just finished a long,
 rambling account of quests and travels in the mystic East
 and was inquiring of the other, who had been adventuring on
 West Coast, USA. My ears perked up when they said as how
 they'd gone up the coast from California into Oregon.

"Yeah," said the guy. "We visited this place called the Rainbow
 Farm. We drove up to the gate and these guys rode down on
 horseback to greet us."

The girl said "They were all carrying rifles."

The guy went on "I said 'Hi, there. We came to see the
 Rainbow Farm.' 'Well,' - drawled one of the guys on horses -
 'You're seeing it!' Then he took out a loaded shotgun."

The girl said "Wildest damn thing I ever saw!"

The guy said "We got the hell out of there."

Karen and I looked at each other across the restaurant
 table. It was a chilling moment. The girl at the next table was
 saying "Yeah. We thought the people there were into peace and love."

Something was clear to me, but what to do wasn't quite clear. In
 the aftermath of that, I explained to Karen how I really had to do
 something, that I couldn't just let Rainbow Farm go as it would
 as I had wanted to. Karen allowed as how she understood all
 that and would help me - somehow - if there were a way to
 deal with the situation. But what she wanted on the other
 end was a peaceful, for real home in the country.

Slowly we meandered back across Canada. There were some

beautiful scenes up in Saskatchewan, where Karen's mother was living. We arrived in Eugene somewhat simultaneously with the caravan from the Wyoming Gathering which included Tea and Medicine Story. I had begun making greeting cards using my artwork and the scene at the farm defied description.

I hadn't been there more than ten minutes when this bare-chested blond guy rides up into the main horseshoe yard screaming "Yee-haa!"

He fires his rifle several times into the air and hollers down at me "You're Garrick, eh! What do you think of that?"

I told him real calm that I didn't think a whole lot of it at all. He rode off, bellowing and screaming.

All the walls inside the main house had been knocked out to make one large room. Some of the walls that had been knocked out were meant as weight-bearing walls, so now the ceiling had sagged in a foot or so. A larger-than-life Viking-style table had been carved from slabs with a chain saw and spiked roughly together. When you sat on the benches, your feet dangled above the floor and the table came up to your chest. Everyone looked like little children sitting at it. There was one kerosene lamp, and it was low on fuel. The women were working intensely preparing dinner, and there was an area in the center of the large room that was swept.

It was apparent that I personified the villainous civilization that these people were at odds with. Carefully, I tried to explain now, the vibrations, the aggressions of this life-style were not a realistic solution to the world's real problems and they told me how me and my booj-wah life style were the source of the problems to begin with - how these vibrations I was talking about were a bunch of bullshit - how all that paper medicine (acid) was demented - how the real way out, the natural life style was hunting, fishing and not taking any crap from anybody.

"God put the deer in these forests and the salmon in the streams to get us out of the misery you call civilization" said Wayne.

There was a part of these guys that I really liked. Their chutzpah in the old Yiddish language. But they were so absolutely contrary to all my ideals of the peace movement, of the Rainbow, of gentleness. White Bird had chain-sawed a whole area of the forest, crashing trees into one another for a horse barn. He did his part in one afternoon and told the rest of the gang to get the barn built. Another fellow had been caught spearing salmon in the river with a pitchfork.

The horse hooves in the wet Oregon ground had made mud, mud everywhere. And these people were hard to argue with. They were making big bombers, home-grown grass. I was talking with Wayne and Rowie on the front porch. White Bird said "If you don't like what we're doing here, we can always burn it down for you."

Another voice, unidentified, crouching at the back of the porch muttered "Yeah! Burn it down! What an idea!"

Somebody else, leaning against the post said "Too bad it's a kind of nice place, but it would burn real easy."

Needless to say, Karen was horrified. I didn't take the threats very seriously, but I really didn't know what to do. We talked for a while more and then went back to Eugene. We stayed in Terri Fairer's garage apartment behind Leslie's house. Being really mind-boggled by all this, I did something I had rarely done before - which is call my parents for advice. On into the night, we talked on the telephone. They listened in detail as I mapped out particulars and personalities.

Conclusively, my father suggested that I had to lose in order to win. He explained that tactic is essential to the art of negotiating - that for me to power-trip and try to force that scene off the farm by force of law would be a grievous error. What I needed to do was to find a way to give in -

that is, a way to give these people what they really wanted.

Luckily for me, my compadre Fred was also involved at the time. He's the fellow who bought acreage next door to mine on an option that I had acquired with the original land purchase. He was having a romance at that time with one of the women on the farm, and he expressed a willingness and an ability to help.

I went back to the farm and announced quite plainly that I was gonna move back there the next spring, six months away. I said I was interested and eager to help these people find a home in "horse country," a place where it wasn't so muddy and where there wasn't such thick underbrush. I said I would help these people to in any way move to or find such a place. I suggested that they begin looking for a righteous spot.

Karen and I rented a duplex in Salem, Oregon and manufactured greeting cards and lived a quiet, homy lifestyle. The farm scene scouted out a place in northeastern Washington and Fred helped them with finances. I bought them a flat-bed truck, gave them all the tools, pretty much everything that was here, and fence supplies, everything they wanted.

In May, 1974, Karen and I moved back to the farm. It was virtually empty. A few people were still there waiting for the last ride and there were a lot of scraps and bits of that experience strewn about. Well, we moved in and began a quiet back-to-the-land life. We cleaned everything up. Our friends Sky Blue and Jake and Marian helped in particular. We weren't isolated. We did have friends coming and visiting, but it was not a communal scene. People showed up urging me to go to the 1974 Utah Gathering. We told them "Have a good time." We planted fruit trees and set up new fences.

I was very happy. I would have lived at the farm quietly for the rest of my life. Friends like Dave Zeltzer came and rototilled the garden, or like Martin, spent a month pruning our old

apple trees, but it was different, really different, from the days of communal wine and glory. Eden thrived in this environment. Tulip beds went in around the house. I installed a nice, clean indoor bathroom. I felt very happy to have weathered the storms of the commune experience and the Colorado Gathering.

However, Karen felt a certain unease, even though here it was, the life in the country. She seemed as it progressed, to be longing for something. I didn't know what it was. I didn't understand. Here it was, everything we had dreamed for, and she didn't seem really happy with it - or with me.

There was intellectual stimulation. We did have our circle of friends and visitors. She was writing prolifically and shipping short stories to a host of magazines. In the fall of '74, she enrolled in Adult Ed. courses at the University of Oregon with one of her professors.

I didn't know what to do. I came from a liberal, permissive school of allowing things to be and honoring the guests of the heart. I believed that if I just maintained true to myself and true to her, it would all blow over. When it did blow over, it blew clear over.

Karen entered a second romance with a young man who had come to visit the farm and who had been helping out with the gardening. This was much more difficult for me, because the scene was right under my nose and in my own home. There were increasingly more conflicts between us. Everything seemed to be going wrong. We could hardly agree on anything.

In the spring of '75, I suggested we travel, get away from the endless farm chores, stimulate our brains. We drove down through the Southwest, cruised through the Christ Brotherhood scene, visited the Arkansas Gathering in a very uninvolved way, stopped by some of Karen's relatives in Missouri, spent a

week with my parents and the theater company in Pittsburg, where they were doing neighborhood and street theater. I felt Karen's passion for me was somewhat lost. And it was lost. We never got it back.

When we arrived home out west in the fall of '75, I was struggling to keep our relationship together - pleading. For Christmas '75, she took off to her family with her sweetheart David and then asked me to follow, to come along - which I did. It was a miserable experience.

I left her mom's place with Eden. We took the bus through Montana, where I met with Barry and Sunny, Antonette No Guns and Chuck Wind song, that were planning and scouting for the 1976 Rainbow Gathering. In the brilliant, sun-struck snow, we hiked through Waterton Glacier International Peace Park, finding a place for the Hands Across the Border ceremony that would take place July 4th that year.

I went south to Santa Fe to meet with National Park officials over our planned use of the park lands. Then I returned to the farm with Eden Star for several months, while Karen and David went on a Mediterranean adventure. She told me she would be back in the spring, and I anxiously awaited her return.

One sunny day, she did pull up to the bottom of the driveway. I was elated to see her again and she told me she was moving to Eugene, and that she was at the farm to get her stuff. The truth is whatever loves I have loved since, I never really recovered from this one.

From then on, until Eden entered first grade, she bounced back and forth between Karen and myself. A few weeks here, a month there and so on, back and forth. As for me, I began working wholeheartedly on the Montana Gathering.

I must say, that whatever the affairs of the heart may have done, Karen never once treated me with a bad word, never once treated

me disrespectfully, never treated me with hatred or anger or any other of the meaningless stupidities of romantic breakups. Back in Eugene I worked with Sean, printing beautiful invitations to Montana. We did mailings. I worked on spring planting at the farm. I went back to Montana, where a right-wing newspaperman had become alarmist and was printing hippie invasion stories. Other, more reputable media followed suit. There was a tremendous to-do. Vigilante groups shot at us. The Glacier Park people were denying that any of them ever said that it was all right for us to use the park. But we had letters from our meeting in Santa Fe proving otherwise.

We planned a meeting with officials at Glacier Park and every agency in the state tried to get in on the act. When we showed up, there was a huge ring of them. A table for the governor's office, a tableful from Fish and Wildlife—the parks—the forests—Burlington Northern Railroad. It was a massive array. Luckily, there was a bunch of us, too. We brought babies, diaper changes, the whole scene—a couple of people we had met the day before.

The conversations slowly went round the room. They were very polite, except for the county prosecutors, who threatened to prosecute us for every minor infraction. By polite, I mean every agency carefully explained that there was no site on any of their grounds that met our requirements. However, one about-to-retire gentleman from the Lewis and Clark National Forest said that though his team couldn't identify a single suitable location, Lewis and Clark was a mighty big place. The Glacier Park people stated that no matter what anyone had said before, no Rainbow meeting was gonna occur in the park boundaries.

It was one of many similar situations to come where we were able to use a public forum to discuss parking, child care, food, supply, etc. Therefore we could make clear that we were a co-ordinated, responsible group of people.

(In the same way in Oregon, 1978, and West Virginia, 1980, and other gatherings, we had advance meetings with officials, the media and thereby access to the public was in a great acquaintance and we saw just how aggravated the public was at the Forest Service and other government agencies.)

In Montana we did do some scouting on BLM (Bureau of Land Management) land. I came back to the farm for spring field work. In Eugene, we printed several thousand gathering permits quoting the Constitution.

When I got back to Montana with three vanfuls of friends and supplies, the group there was dug deep into a small, snow-filled valley. The sheriff's department had been looking for the group for a week or more without finding them. We snuck in under cover of night with additional supplies and people from Missoula. We took back roads through the high snow country.

The camp is where I first met Tony Angel. From there, the group moved quickly up one of the high forks of the Teton River and found Jones Creek - twice flooded and once burnt, all in this century. It was desolate enough and rocky enough. They couldn't believe we were actually choosing that place.

The news publisher who had originally condemned us was offering to rent us a ranch for \$30,000. While people arrived, the sheriff and the rangers were receiving threats for not doing anything about us.

The site was in Lewis and Clark National Forest. They offered to us that we sign a permit making the event legal, giving them the grounds to stand up to the vigilantes and giving us a legal gathering. That was the start of a long,

complex process. After Montana, there were permits for four more gatherings. Progressively the permit process became a means by which the Forest Service or other agencies^{etc} tried to block us from gathering by making it more and more difficult for us to meet permit requirements. Since 1980, we have simply refused to participate in the permit process. In '81, the Forest Service voluntarily issued us a permit and in '82, they began to write new Forest Service regulations requiring groups such as ours to get a permit. These regulations were overturned in Federal District Court in Arizona in spring of 1986.

Back in Montana, 1976, we were still planning to spend the Fourth of July at the international border of the Peace Park and we made clear that we intended to do so. We caravanned there, starting at dawn on the morning of the Fourth, along the Federal highway, through the Blackfoot Indian lands.

When we arrived at the park entrances, ready for anything, those same park officials met us. "Where are you gonna park?" they asked.

"That's why we were trying to work this out months ago" we explained. We showed them our parking lot and drove on into the park. We walked to the no-person's land where we met a group of Rainbow Canadians and did our Hands Across the Border prayer circle. There were SWAT teams and plain clothes government psychologists observing us.

I lived a very quiet winter '76-'77. It was a very lonely time for me. After the 1976 Gathering, there was a series of Peace Village conferences. One conference in particular stands out in my mind even now. That was the conference at Walton, Oregon, in the old schoolhouse in February, '77.

We invited 100 or more people, each of whom had been active in various elements of the counter-culture to come to this schoolhouse and one at a time publicly answer these questions:

1. What have you done or been involved with in the past?
2. What are you currently doing?
3. What do you envision doing in the future?

It was a tremendously effective conference because it brought people out of narrow pigeon holes. In the seventies, those co-operative scenes that survived lasted because individuals desperately paid close attention to their particular field. The Walton Conference opened the gates between many of these fields, enabling us to see the cultural patchwork.

Jaysun and Feather were staying just north of Eugene. A Hardy Folks for the New Mexico Gathering was written out of their house and they headed for New Mexico to work on the arrangements there.

At the New Mexico Gathering on the Gila River in 1977, we held our first Peace Village Councils. Ten years later, we are still counselling on the same subject.

And so in 1977, we began scouting BLM lands for 1978 Gathering sites, because the regulations pertaining to BLM land seemed more attuned to potential habitation. But we couldn't find a BLM site in Oregon to hold the gathering on, so we landed in the Umpqua National Forest in the same county as Rainbow Farm. This time we encountered a fairly sympathetic and supportive Forest Service, but an unsympathetic county government. The lesson began to be clear that the individuals or groups of individuals from different branches of government have their various prejudices pro and con. So, for example, the group of National Forest people who gave us such a hard time in West Virginia in 1980 are really the same bunch as those who gave us a hard time in North Carolina in 1987.

The Oregon Forest Service in 1978 did a lot of research and study into our environmental impact, soil compaction, water use and so on. They agreed with us on many of our conclusions and made notes of the great care the land received during clean-up.

In the spring - 1978 - before the Oregon Gathering, I met Charlotte, who had come to the farm through her friends, Jean and Margie. They had come to the farm through their friends, the Ho-Dads, the tree planting co-op. The farm was again slowly taking on that prime attribute of communal life - people. Though I had romances through a number of lovers, Charlotte was my first new serious sweetheart.

In spring of '79, our child, Robin Liberty Tree, was born at the farm. Charlotte had moved to the A-frame to avoid the communal scene at the main house. Shortly thereafter, I moved down there with her. It was a productive time at the farm. We grew fields of wheat and I had a working combine. We trucked organic vegetables to Eugene and shipped organic vegetable seeds to seed companies.

As the gatherings become more established, we could note for the first time the regulars who came to scam off the New Age fat of the land. I went to a council in Luna, New Mexico, to discuss this. In the words of the poet: "To live outside the law, you must be honest." The understandings that came out of that council are very strong and have been with us to this day - the difference between outlaws and criminals. The truth that we are aligned with oppressed peoples everywhere and the agreement that when you are collecting for the Rainbow, it all goes into the magic hat. If you are collecting for your trip to Guatemala, you can't scam it in the name of the Rainbow.

In ACTS '79 in Washington DC in Spring of 79, the Rainbow people had an exhibit on the Washington Mall. Our encampment represented the wildness at an alternate energy fair.

Garrick
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After ACTS '79, I visited the Old Rag Mountain Regional Gathering in Virginia, where because of many East Coast newcomers, the basic - now traditional - information of things to watch out about at the gathering was written on big pieces of cardboard. This was our first written rap 107. It was reprinted with Howdy Folks for the 1979 Arizona Gathering by Brad Dal in Seattle.

Arizona was beautiful - the high mountain meadows, the pine forests, the warmth. At the Fourth of July, the circle stretched so wide across the great meadow, you could hardly see the people on the far side. Experiences like that overwhelmed the video follies, where different groups of video teams acted in a competitive, often interfering, and in two major instances, outright offensive manner. Out of this though, came a strong Tell-a-vision Council, which is still functional.

The breezy warm afternoons and beautiful creeks and the idyllic life among the 10,000-plus people, outweighed the horrible story of the slaughtered cow that we found at a remote edge of the parking lot. The meat had been butchered and wrapped and brought into camp freely the night before. We told the rangers before they found out indepently and we located and contacted the rancher and offered to pay him high market value.

In Arizona, cattle is king and in each area we go, there are specific economic interests. Our own ability not to conflict with these is essential. We also came to realize what our cash flow through the nearby small towns really meant. Back in the still-affluent early 70's, local citizens could still say "We don't want your filthy money," but in the depressed rural America of the late '70's and early '80's, 10,000 or so people times X dollars dropped at local stations, mom and pop grocery stores, small town hardware stores, pharmacies etc. make too big a difference to go unwelcomed.

In the fall of '79, I returned to the farm, where Carlos

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From East LA was attempting to set up his own little hierarchy, but he could dry good pears and we took endless one-pound packages of home-dried pears to the Barter Fair in eastern Washington. We traded a fabulous chunk of jade for a truckload of 50-pound sacks of oats. The Love Family was a strong influence at that time and there was a lot of contact

with their various households. In the late, long nights of winter upstairs at the main house, Tri-Light and myself and others produced a newsletter called the Rainbow Trail.

Charlotte seemed less and less interested in the gatherings, and the difficulties of community life were wearing on her. By the winter of '79-80, she was pretty thoroughly unromantic towards me. In the spring of '80, she began an affair with one of my close friends from the Eugene area. I continued farm work and began preparations for the West Virginia Gathering.

I left Oregon with Yarrow Aka in his VW microbus and we traded across the count with Uncle Billy and his red station wagon and Serious Israel of the Love Family in his blue and gold school bus. The cross-country journey was wonderful, especially the part where we got high after gassing up in eastern Iowa and drove back across the state 200 miles in the wrong direction.

In West Virginia, the Forest Service was trying to force us into gathering at Gully Mountain. It was a terrible location. The county and local citizens who had been put up to it by the state government, brought us and the Forest Service both to Federal Court to prevent us from gathering in that county at Gully Mountain.

We explained to His Honor that we had no intention of gathering there and the judge declared the case moot. But we saw that there were forces aligned against us, so the next morning in the wee hours before dawn, 200 of us

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moved to the site along the Williams River that we really wanted. The Forest Service promptly issued seven tickets for camping without a permit. We made permit application for use of that site. The Forest Service rejected our application and brought us to Federal court for a second time asking for an injunction to prevent us from gathering. But in the meantime, we had read in the Forest Service rule book about the appeal process and had sent our appeal in proper format to the eastern regional office in Minneapolis.

We explained this to the Federal judge and he ruled that since the administrative process had not been exhausted, he had no jurisdiction. The US mails in Minneapolis were slow and far away. In the meantime, the gathering was on. The Forest Service was furious and began harassing people at the front gate. They put on an intimidating attitude and purposely slowed the whole traffic process. In the end, though, we covered them with our Operation Space - balloons, bubbles, tambourines, dancers.

The Feds pleaded with us to sign a permit, which we did on the third of July, with the understanding that they would cease the front gate harassment. When they re-instituted intimidating tactics at the front entrance the next day, we knew we had signed our last permit.

I had a number of shared romantic experiences at this gathering. That's where I met Mareba.

The gathering encampment was incredibly tight-knit, in part because of all the opposition. Some local people had gone to a Klan demonstration in Greensboro, North Carolina. When they returned, they found the gathering was happening in their home area. They tapped on some other local maniacs who owed them a big favor and who took two of our sisters who were hitching into the area and shot them execution style, dumping the bodies on a remote road near where Rainbow people had a back-to-the-land scene that was serving as an organizational base. In reaction to this, citizens of the surrounding towns came to the gathering in

record numbers to show good will.

After the cleanup there was a third appearance in federal court to deal with those tickets that had been issued by the Forest Service. As has become a model for future ticketing, there were different approaches. Some people simply paid the bail on the ticket. Some people never showed up

at all. Some people paid the \$25 fine ordered by the judge. One person - Barry - had his case thrown out of court for claiming to be - as had been written on his ticket - all also on for the Rainbow Family and therefore not individually or personally liable.

My own life seemed to be revolving between the farm and the gathering. I stopped in New York where I saw my mother and father for the first time in years and then went to the Black Hills Survival Gathering where I re-met Mareba. We camped together at the Black Hills and traveled west to the farm where Charlotte was having a relationship with a beautiful young man who had been helping at the farm that spring. In the fall of '80, they left together to pursue their dreams in Hawaii.

Mareba and I went to the Thanksgiving council in Montana preparing for the Washington Gathering of '81. We had a fabulous Thanksgiving dinner with a Cambodian tribe who had been displaced by our government during the Southeast Asian war and were then shipped from their nice warm, wet jungle to an ice-bound trailer park in Montana.

We went to Seattle, where a Rainbow office was being set up on Queen Anne Hill near the Love Family. I was feeling less and less ready to jump from the arms of one relationship into the arms of another with Mareba, but we continued to travel basically together.

We arrived at the farm on Christmas Eve 1980. Charlotte arrived a few hours later, back from Hawaii. She plopped down her bags and right away told me that she'd had a vision in Hawaii that she was supposed to come back to the farm and make a home and a family with me - did I want to do it? I thought of our son,

Grand
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262 Robin and I said yes. I don't think Mareba has ever really forgiven me.
The next morning, the sheriff arrived and informed me of my grandmother's hospitalization and critical condition. I packed immediately for New York and Charlotte came too. My parents were there. Grandma was in intensive care. She died a day and a half later. It was a very traumatic time. Charlotte and I were not getting along. After the funeral, we tried some travel to the snow country, visiting friends of each of ours, but it didn't help.

When we got back west to Seattle, Charlotte went directly to her boyfriend Dave and I found out from Mareba that she and I were pregnant. I was in a daze. It was all way, way too much for me.

I came back to the farm. Charlotte and Dave moved to another community farm. Mareba stayed in Eugene. Eventually I went to the Washington Gathering. After the gathering, Mareba went east and joined the Another Place community with Medicine Story and Emmy. I tried getting there for our son Tameron's birth, but got there the day after. I stayed there for a while, but just couldn't make life work with Mareba.

I wintered again at the Farm and returned to Another Place the following February with my friends Barry and Dodey. Mareba and Tameron left from there with us and we crossed the country and went to the Southwest, meeting Jayson and Feather, Sunny and the others for a trip into Mexico to the place of the Illuminated Elephants, an arts and ecology collective living outside the town of Yauhtepec. With them we did a bilingual children's play, Obra de Paz, and participated with Ruiz Kalkaattl in the Aztec alignment of the planets ceremony. Coming back up the West Coast, my relationship with Mareba fell apart completely.

My key observation from the 1982 Gathering in Idaho is that the government chose the tactics of recording license numbers and overt and covert photography in the camp as well as aerial surveillance. Additionally, when it got terribly ratty high on

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the mountain where we were, they tried to urge us to hold the gathering on a large, flat meadow, just outside of town. In part because of the rain and mud a number of Rainbows fell for this tactic. It looked for a while as though there might be two gatherings. When it became clear that this wasn't going to happen, the sheriff took a threatening position towards the smaller encampment on the flat near town and we took a strong supportive position towards only and all affinity group gatherings. We supported the other group's right to gather—even in a different place from the rest of us.

At the Idaho Gathering children's parade with Wavy Gravy guiding the little tots across the mud, we stopped for a minute of silence, even the children. They really understood. They really got silent. They really did a prayer in league with the grown-ups' longer meditation. Conches blew, the sun broke through the clouds. It was one of the all-time highs.

Circumstances certainly beyond my control brought me back to New York. A pinch of magic, the scent of travel, the completion of Rainbow Farm harvest, but maybe mostly a sense of loss at not being able to keep my life together in a loving family-home-child relationship. It led me to journey to the East, where I met Joanie, whom I hadn't been with since West Virginia. I landed a job with a health food bakery. The marginal poverty of the back-to-the-land culture had led me into land tax debt and I was glad of New York's opportunity. I visited my parents in Europe, aided them in their return to New York by helping find a producer for the theater company's plays at the Joyce Theater—only to find that my father had developed cancer.

So I stayed in New York and began working with Joanie and the New York Rainbow people on the annual Rainbow Picnic in Central Park, the third Sunday of May. Joanie and I got a school bus after the van we were in blew its engine on the way to the 1983 Michigan Gathering. That gathering was like a small,

Carroll
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beautifully-cut jewel. The government was pretty much out of our way, so everyone was pretty much able to concentrate on making the gathering as wonderful as possible.

The decision to go to California for the 1984 Gathering came after a belabored vision council, and the California Gathering, despite its vast size and tremendous operational logistics, was full of inner-family ego-trips, most notably the division into two sites, Mill Creek and Camp One. No doubt, the government relished or even encouraged this split.

While the Forest Service played friendly to us, they let the California Highway Patrol harass our vehicles and people on the way in and out. As a result, people bailed out of the gathering quickly at the end. We said, 26,000 to celebrate Nature - only 26 to clean up. I was fed up to the brim watching camps of high hippie meditators leave their areas like pig sties. We did a good job cleaning up, though.

The California Emergency Services Department were going to hold a state-wide meeting concerning emergency evacuations. They approached us, asking us to attend to talk and show slides etc. on how we mobilize volunteer and newcomer energies into creative participation. We didn't go to their meeting, but we told them "If you're really serious about what you're doing, the first thing you ought to do is campaign to close all your nuclear power plants - especially that one on the earthquake fault."

The 1985 Missouri Gathering was such a wonderful gathering. Again, the government left us alone and the local citizens really appreciated us. The bus village was especially nice and we had a strong contact with the AIM people and the Leonard Peltier support group. After the gathering, we setup an encampment with them in a St. Louis park.

The development of regional gatherings in these times was gloriously out of control. But the enforcement division of the Forest Service in the Southwest Region targeted a regional gathering there to demand compliance for the first time with the Forest

Service regulations concerning assemblies of ten or more persons. This is the same rule that they had begun to write after the Idaho Gathering of 1982. Technically, it had been in effect since the time of the massive California Gathering, but they chose to ignore it.

Grammar added

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When the Arizona Regional Gathering in the fall of 1985 was threatened under this rule, three people came forward and accepted violation tickets. Their trial came up in the spring of 1986, and a large number of Rainbows arrived from around the country to help defend what we perceived as inalienable rights of peaceful assembly and spiritual association.

Simultaneously, there was the spring regional gathering in that area. The sheriff rode in and broke up the camp. What a mess! But in court the judge upheld our right to gather and forced the Forest Service as well as ourselves to accept an alternative site.

Ultimately, the judge declared the Forest Service regulations featuring a permit "impermissibly unconstitutional."

The night before the trial, Joanie and I were in a terrible auto accident when a wheel fell off Feather's van. Joanie's pelvis was crushed. For the next year and a half, I was by her side, helping her with all the intense aspects of slow, painful recovery.

We carried Joanie in a sedan chair - a palanquin - through the 1986 Pennsylvania Gathering. I hardly saw the gathering, idyll as it was, for being right next to Joanie. Mostly, we stayed in our own camp. The Pennsylvania Gathering had a very peaceful relation with the Federals, in part because of our recent victory in court and in great part because the Mid-Atlantic Rainbow people had cultivated excellent relations with the Allegheny National Forest people through a series of well-planned well-cleaned regional events.

After the gathering I was in New York in the community garden movement. I was a supportive member of homesteading efforts in abandoned, city-owned buildings. I was working in my own graphic arts business, paying off back land taxes on Rainbow Farm and helping to support my three children. I was

Garnica
add 19
working to help my mother find a location for the Living Theater to be able to continue after my father's death. And I was trying to find a position in the art world for the 105 oil paintings of my father's that he left to us as a legacy.

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In May, 1987, thousands of persons gathered in Central Park, just north of the Sheep Meadow for our annual Rainbow Picnic. Hidden there from the buildings of the city, it really looked like the main meadow at any of the gatherings. How beautiful!

Here's a poem chant by my dad from the beatnik days:

Our essential work is to build a mass movement.
OUR essential work is to build a mass movement.
Our ESSENTIAL work is to build a mass movement.
Our essential WORK is to build a mass movement.
Our essential work is to BUILD a mass movement.
Our essential work is to build a MASS movement.
Our essential work is to build a mass MOVEMENT.